



GARDEN HOSE *into* GAS MASKS



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DETROIT

PUNCH



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

Fit **Triplex**—and be safe
Regd

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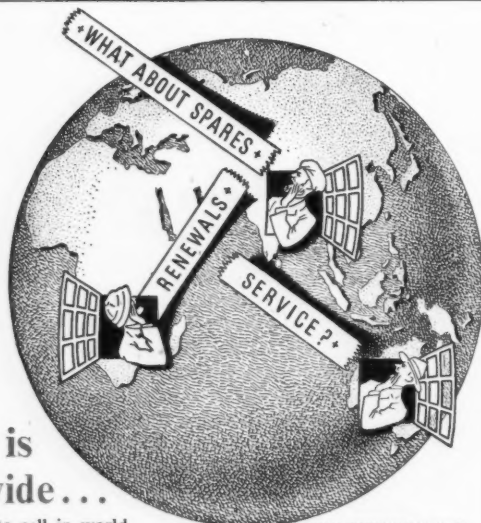


A winter in Holland, now I'm in the heat of India - what a change! Am I glad of my 'Viyella' Service Shirts - they really are cool when it's hot and warm when it's not



'Viyella' Service Shirts supplied in regulation khaki, Air Force blue and white, to members of the Allied Forces only.

M.S.1d



Our service is world-wide...

Do you hope to sell in world markets? Then one of the questions your customers will ask is "What about Spares, Renewals and Service?" In so far as you have fitted Simmonds accessories and components you will be able to put your hand on your heart and say: "Sir (or Senor or Sahib, Serge or perhaps just Mister) the service is world-wide." Quite a sales point—for both of us!

THE SIMMONDS NUT
PINNACLE NUT
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S I M M O N D S

Servants to Industry . . . on the spot when wanted

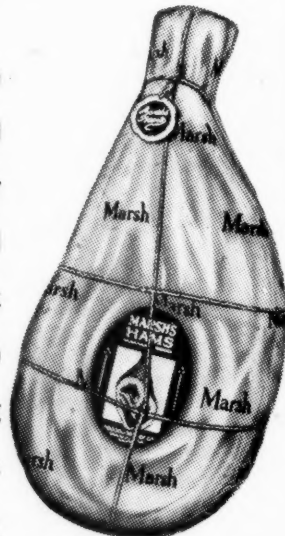
SIMMONDS AEROCESSORIES LIMITED, GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON
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14

THE FINEST HAM IN THE WORLD . . .

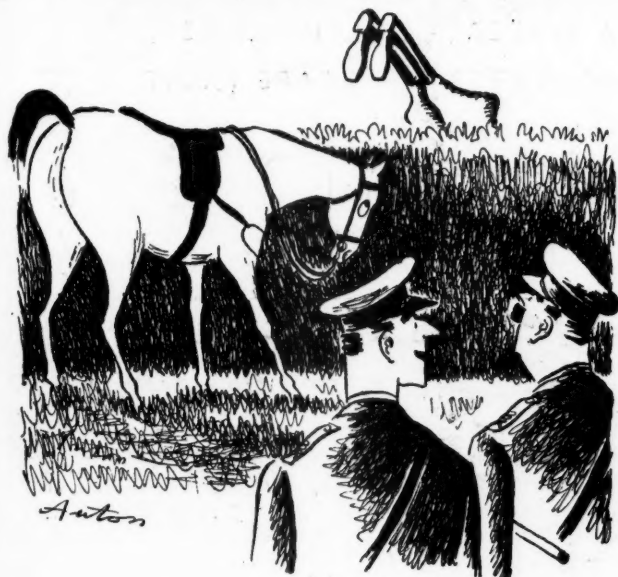
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● You can't get them now, but they will be produced again by Marsh's from sound well-bred stock reared by British Farmers. Something to which to look forward.



MARSH & BAXTER LTD., BRIERLEY HILL

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they measure both feet



At Saxone we minister to the comfort of men. We measure both feet for Footprint shoes so that they fit perfectly and last longer.

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40 STRAND, 11 CHEAPSIDE, ETC., LONDON • SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

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mathematical
symbol
means
'not less than'



This
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emblem means
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SWIM WITH RELISH!



To get a real kick out of your food, make a dive for the Yorkshire Relish. Thick and Thin, they both have a rich, fruity flavour that gives a new flip to the appetite.

**FOR A NEW
TASTE IDEA**

Herrings—split open
and grilled—with
Yorkshire Relish.
Also add it to the
liquid when souping

**Yorkshire
Relish**

Under wartime zoning

THICK and THIN, up North
THIN only, down South

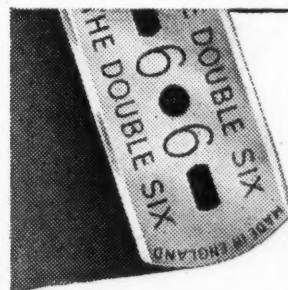
Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds,
makers of famous sauces for 80 years (43)

CYDER
WITH A NAME YOU
KNOW "BEHIND" IT



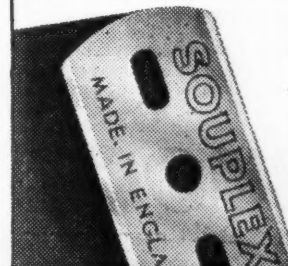
We used to pride ourselves that there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. Now that is changed. Cyder, like many other things, is being zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must now be denied it until zoning ends. To the lucky ones in the Whiteway zones we extend our congratulations; to those who must forgo their favourite cyder, we offer our sincere regrets.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED



If it's quicker shaving
you want to get
SOUPLEX and DOUBLE SIX
are the winning bet!

★ Millions of these famous blades go to the Forces. Occasionally small supplies are available for the public. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancs. ★



ROSS'S

BELFAST

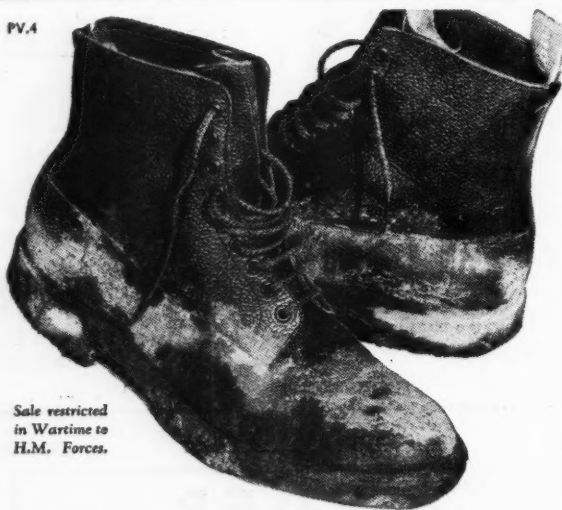
GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE
GRAPE FRUIT

Will return in sparkling form



PV.4

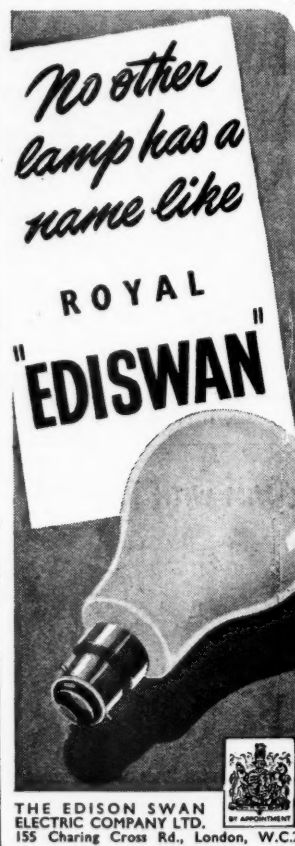


Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

21/5/41.

Herewith one pair of Lotus Veldtschoen, for repair, which our client purchased from us in 1926. They are still waterproof and strong. Our client (2nd Lt. L.A.A., R.A.), has readily given permission to use this as an advert.

LOTUS
Veldtschoen
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF



THE EDISON SWAN
ELECTRIC COMPANY LTD.
155 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2



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SMOOTHS OUT ITS OWN CREASES

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat.



VOTRIX VERMOUTH SWEET OR DRY 9/- Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey

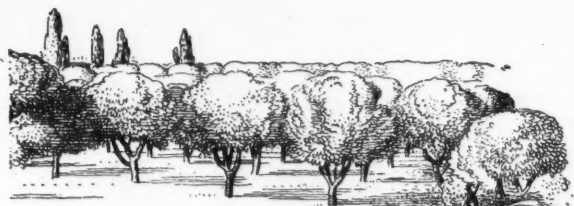
Looking Ahead

The Main Line Railways' post-war plans include the introduction of the latest scientific improvements in new locomotives and in re-conditioning existing engines. Passenger rolling stock will include new designs with bright colours, new fabrics, plastics and other materials. The finest railway service in the world will be offered to the British public as soon as materials and man-power permit

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THE PERFUME OF ORANGE BLOSSOM

The basic recipe for Atkinsons lovely Eau de Cologne came originally from the Continent, where luxury-loving ladies of the 15th century found it unrivalled for offsetting the dual disadvantages of sultry weather and a too tight "stomacher." In 1799 Mr. James Atkinson brought his individual skill to bear on the original recipe, and until 1940 this enchanting toilet water was made in England. But although manufacture has been forbidden since then, devotees may like to know that Atkinsons extensive orange groves in Tunisia are being maintained in perfect condition so that as soon as restrictions are removed manufacture can start immediately.

ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

OLD BOND STREET

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J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.

"BUT SOMEONE MUST'VE SAID
WILKINSON'S LIQUORICE
ALL SORTS, OFFICER!"



Duty Free

Tobacco can be sent, duty free, to H.M. Forces serving overseas and to personnel in H.M. Sea-going ships in commission. Only the best is good enough for our fighting men, so send them

Chairman Tobacco

the economical smoke that gives maximum pleasure.

1lb. 3/3 5/9 1lb. 10/9 2lbs. 20/- including postage.

You may order from your local tobacconist, or, if in any difficulty we will send you full particulars, price list and order form.

R. J. LEA, Ltd. (Secrs.)

Export Sales Dept.,
24, Holborn, London, E.C.1

C53



Pride in Perfection

Super finish, straight to within two thousandths of an inch, this spindle had to be accurate to very fine limits, uniform all its length, perfectly concentric, free from the minutest mark or scratch. You can feel safe if a part of your job contains pins made by STEAD.

Think in STEAD
before you
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Telephone: Sheffield 22283 (4 lines)

J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2



LINIA BELTS

Linias can still be made to customer's own measures and special requirements if order is accompanied by a doctor's certificate saying that the Belt is needed for specific health reasons —

and "Good as new"

On the other hand, existing Linias can be refitted, and made indistinguishable from new by our Wartime Reconditioning Service. In either department you can count on our care to give you every satisfaction.

J. ROUSSEL LTD.

179 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

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And at Birmingham,
Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, etc.

Preparing
to be a
Beautiful
Lady



Daddy calls Margaret "The girl with the laughing eyes." They twinkle with gaiety even when her face is in repose. Margaret's eyes say that she is happy; her clear radiant complexion says that she is well cared for. Mother makes sure that Margaret washes with Pears Soap and clear water—the secret of Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady.

PEARS SOAP

We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now.

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

GG 373/96



White suede with tan calf is Clarks choice for a light summer court shoe—but don't make it your choice until you know which Clarks styles your retailer has in stock. There are others which will please you.

Clarks of Street have retailers in nearly every town. Please choose from the styles you find available

Clarks

Creators of Loveliness...



BEAUTY SPECIALISTS

Modern beauty specialists exercise their art for the enhancement of feminine loveliness, but no matter how perfect face and figure, beautiful clothes are still the first essential. To millions of women the delightful fabrics made from Courtaulds rayon are the passport to lovely clothes at moderate cost.



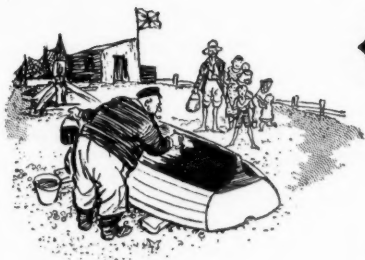
The symbol of loveliness that lasts

Courtaulds THE GREATEST NAME IN RAYON

*Unexcelled
for
Tea Time Sandwiches*



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL LTD**



PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCIX No. 5454

July 25 1945

Charivaria

HOLIDAY queues at main-line stations are longer than ever this year. Fortunately there is a direct connection with the ice-cream queues at the other end.

A famous American camera man has arrived in England to photograph the countryside. It was thought that a record should be made of the scenery before the hoardings go up.



A well-known author who lost his fountain pen on a railway journey offers a reward for its return. Apart from its intrinsic value it contains his next best-seller.

"Keep your eye on the ball," warns a golfing professional. If you don't, somebody will pinch it.

It is announced that the B.B.C. will ultimately broadcast three programmes—low, middle and highbrow. It will be interesting to see if the Brains Trust works its way up.

A woman pulled the communication-cord in a railway carriage because a man kept asking her for help with a crossword puzzle he was doing. Apparently he thought that the repeal of the non-fraternization order applied in this country too.

Absent Treatment

"TENNIS RACKETS
ENTIRELY RESTRUNG BY POST
WITHIN 14 DAYS."
Advertisement.

"When buying a grocery business, the purchaser should make careful inquiries regarding the goodwill," says a writer. He could start by asking the queue.



Vigilantes committees are being formed to seize empty houses. The only snag is getting to them; it would mean turning out the tenants of the full trains.

Old Joke

"HEAVY GUARD ROUND LEOPOLD

WIFE LEARNS TO DRIVE A JEEP"

Headings in daily paper.

A publisher's reader has written a novel. Well, it has often been said that to write a good novel one must have suffered greatly first.

There is a serious shortage of goldfish. Even so, quite a number of strong-minded people haven't eaten theirs yet.

At the time of going to press, the only certainty in regard to the election is that a great many of the M.P.s in the last Parliament who were ex-M.P.s during the waiting period still are.

Some war-workers are so missing their holidays-at-home this year that several resorts are seriously toying with the idea of having a few factory chimneys built in.

A six-legged calf has been born at Wener in Sweden. This rather suggests that Stockholm has had to do something to get its name in the newspapers again.

A London housewife has engaged an ex-Land Girl as a maid who is very satisfactory except that she will talk to the milkman. Apparently the latter is fascinated by her first-hand description of cows.

Bricks without Straw

(From Mr. Punch's hopeless correspondent lately in Berlin.)

IMIMPENETRABLE veils of night
Have fallen on Potsdam,
Which make it hard for me to write
My usual telegram;
But scythes and mowers have been sent,
And from this fact is drawn
The inference that these were meant
To scythe and mow the lawn.

The censorship is so complete
That few can tell me now
What any statesman had to eat,
Nor when, nor why, nor how;
But rumours which were long denied
Have been confirmed at last
That all the edibles supplied
Are used for some repast.

The chairs which might suggest debate
Where delegates would sit,
Have so far failed to indicate
What they will say at it;
And several tables brought by air
Inspire me to propound
The theory that they are there
For speakers to sit round.

Ten thousand bottles have been seen
Containing coloured inks,
Some typewriters, an ice machine,
And several tuns of drinks;
It seems a dance was held last night,
It seems that songs were sung,
But that is all that I may write
From Pottersdammerung.

EVOE.

Our Open Forum

XVIII—What Is It?

Mr. Dermot W. Tackle, who makes this voluntary contribution to our series of chats on Reconstruction, is many-faceted and informal. He was educated privately near Crewe and then publicly at St. Corwin's, near Mold. His "Banking in Worcestershire," the fruits of a careful tour of the county in 1923, is a classic of its kind. During the war Mr. Tackle has been a sort of unofficial observer in America and has cemented many bonds of friendship. But for bad weather which held up flying he would have left America before the cessation of hostilities in Europe. Mr. Tackle writes persuasively on almost any paper and is planning a series of political *feuilletons* for Christmas. He is with visible means of support and practically lives at his club.

LET me begin, friends, by reading you an extract from a letter that appeared recently in *The Times*: "I have addressed the same question to almost everyone I have met who I thought might know. The best reply I have been able to get is that it is a promise by the Chief Cashier of the Bank of England to pay at some date which Parliament may hereafter determine whatever Parliament in its wisdom may direct him to pay."

I sympathize with Lord Bradbury. I have been running

around for years with this same question—"What is the pound sterling?"—on my lips. It remains unanswered.

When I began my researches I sought the counsel of the financial world.

"Dash it all," said one sedentary black-coated specimen (and he may have been representative), "a pound's a quid, what. I mean to say, it really is—acutely."

Not very helpful.

I then turned my attention to figures prominent in public life. Dr. C. O. Mallinger said: "The pound sterling is a, perhaps *the*, symbol of our island greatness. Everywhere it is accepted, though occasionally at a discount, as an Englishman's bond. A pound is one thing: a pound sterling is quite another. Personally I would rather have a good pound sterling any day than twenty shillings. That may sound illogical or quixotic, I suppose, but one cannot change one's nature. I am just made like that, I guess. My people have always been true blue."

Tom McLurk: "The root of all evil, a meaningless symbol, filthy lucre."

The Editor: "We pay quite well, I think. Why not come out into the open and speak your mind?"

Mr. J. R. Cooltap: "A very difficult assignment indeed. For one thing the inks are most difficult to match and suitable thread is almost unobtainable. Mrs. Cooltap is always complaining about my pyjamas. I can do a dollar in half the time but with the exchange rate at 4.03 there is not much incentive."

Mr. S. Turner-Thompson: "I don't want to appear snobbish but the pound is rather *infra*, isn't it? All the same I don't see what the working classes have to complain about. Personally, I shall always deal in guineas—and fractions, of course. You wouldn't have much confidence in a chap whose fee was in level quids. Now, would you?"

Mrs. Oswald Sunnup: "I confess that I always thought the old pound was backed by gold one hundred per cent. If what you say is true I have been betrayed. I wish I had known all this before the election."

Dr. Evan Willis: "The pound sterling is a scourge—far more dangerous than cracked or chipped cups. It is a common carrier of almost every notifiable disease. Year after year hundreds of our best bank clerks and revenue commissioners are carried off by creeping dermatitis or 'creditor's paw.' In America about one in every seven has it without knowing it. My advice is—don't lick your fingers when counting notes. It is better to be a few short than a martyr to thrush all your life."

Well, there you are. Not very informative, these answers, are they? The country is perplexed and worried but is not sure about what. It may easily be the pound sterling.

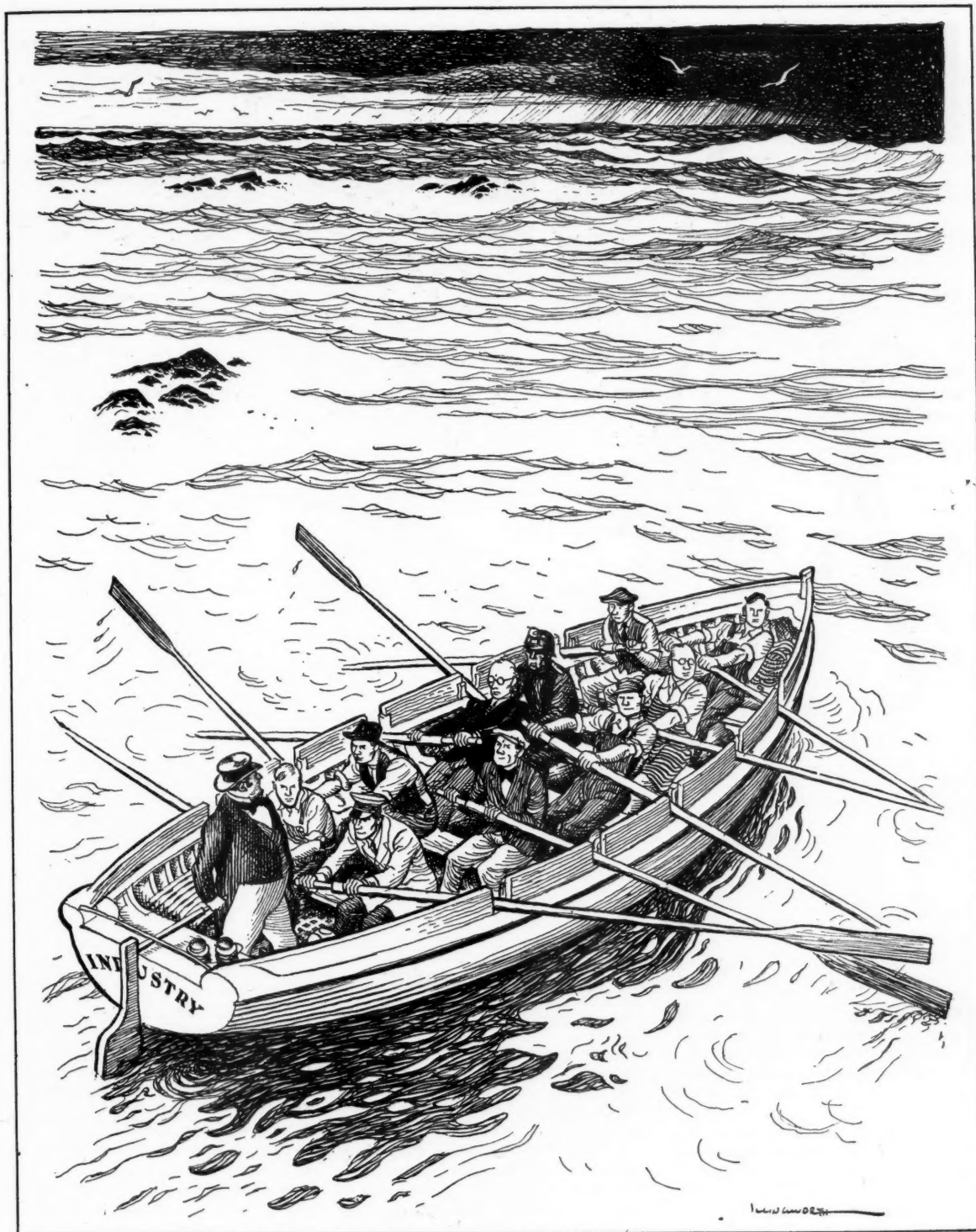
Let the people be told the truth. They have faced hardships before. Somewhere in the files of the Treasury or the Bank there must be some kind of definition. Let Lord Catto or someone make a plain statement of fact and let it be repeated over the wireless in both programmes. Only by such means can the fears and doubts of an anxious public be allayed. Without some official assurance in the matter all this talk about precious dollars may be mis-interpreted.

And now, friends, please go on talking among yourselves. What do you think? Can you suggest any way of abolishing queues?

HOD.

"You'll need a map showing the Channel Islands just off the coast of France."—*B.B.C. announcement.*

If it shows them anywhere else it won't do.



BREAKERS AHEAD

"For goodness' sake, do try to pull together!"



*"Is the new baby next door a boy or a girl?"
 "We don't know—it's not christened yet."*

Honest Vendor

I AM out of reach of my tobacconist when I run out of cigarettes. I can therefore but try the first tobacconist's shop that I come to and hope that he is unlike all other tobacconists.

I do and am sure that he is, for never have I seen a man whose face bears more unmistakably the imprint of honesty. Here indeed is a guileless man and my spirits rise.

But his stock is not encouraging. On the shelves are two or three packets of the sort of tobacco which it is impossible to smoke and some bottles of lighter fuel. That is all.

I am determined to be bold, for experience shows that at such a moment it is unwise to cringe.

I say courageously Have you any cigarettes?

He shakes his head. He sighs. He shrugs his shoulders.

He says No. He adds that these are hard times for tobacconists. He says that it cuts him to the quick to refuse a customer. He says that this is not the sort of trade to which he was brought up.

I am very sorry for him.

I say I wonder why you do not shut your shop and take a holiday until things get better, there can be little

point in wasting your day here when you have nothing to sell.

He points to the packet or two of tobacco which it is impossible to smoke and the bottle or two of lighter fuel and says As long as I have these I must keep my shop open.

But, I ask, could you not place them under the counter, so that the shop would appear to be empty and you could then close it and go home?

He sighs again.

He says I would if I could, but alas there is no more room under the counter.

He is indeed, as I had realized from the start, a man incapable of guile.

The Well-Trained Dawg

WHETHER or not Americans at home are inordinately fond of dogs I do not know, but I can vouch for the fact that the Americans in the squadron stationed at Furzeley used to lavish affection on anything with four legs and a bark. Some of them were fond of two-legged creatures with a smile too, but that is another story.

They had been at Furzeley no more than a week when they decided that a mascot was, as Lieutenant McFingle said, "a definite must." Captain Silvers—a husky hero who had fought sharks in the Pacific and in London—was sent on a special mission, and two days later he returned with an empty wallet, a king-sized hangover, and a six-months old Alsatian. "We gotta call it something dignified," he said. Everyone agreed—so it was named Pooch.

That evening the Captain saw a film in which an intellectual Alsatian did almost everything except play "The Warsaw Concerto" on a guitar, and from that moment Pooch's fate was sealed.

The following midday, instruction book in hand, the Captain led his high-spirited pupil to the lawn in front of the mess. "The trainer must learn to read the dawg's mind," he quoted thoughtfully. He pursed his lips. "Cain't tell exactly what he's thinking of right now," he said. Lieutenant McFingle began to whistle "Trees."

"Quit fooling!" Captain Silvers shouted. "How the hell can—?"

"Don't forget what the book says," Lieutenant McFingle warned, "—a man of an excitable disposition will never obtain complete canine co-operation." Take it easy."

"Ah'm perfectly calm," the Captain said, grinding his teeth. "Sit, dawg, sit." Pooch yawned. "Sit!" the Captain thundered. Pooch sauntered away to dig a hole in the lawn.

Captain Silvers was pained; this was nothing less than downright insubordination. "Listen, will ya?" he asked, clapping his hands imperiously.

This time Pooch understood: if he got such applause for digging a two-inch hole, he would show what he could do when he really tried—and he was certainly a trier. Flying-Officer Dingle, an accountant officer with green fingers and a temper so short that it was almost a midget, hurried to the Captain, his face a battlefield on which the gardener's love for his plot strove with the desire for Anglo-

American amity. The plot won, and for a full minute Flying-Officer Dingle told the Captain exactly what he thought—"Boy! Does that guy think in Technicolor!" said Lieutenant McFingle—and concluded by declaring that worms and moles and Air Force officers made the place untidy enough, without the assistance of an undisciplined brute.

Captain Silvers set his jaw; discipline was the backbone of the Army Air Force, and he considered himself to be at least several of the vertebrae. "Flying Arficer Dingle," he said, "Ah need hardly tell you Ah deeply regret mah dawg's toh'n up yoh lawn. Ah give you mah woh'd it won't recur." He dealt Pooch a sharp blow on the occiput.

"You've done it now," Lieutenant McFingle said. "The book says never to strike the dawg with your hand, on account of because the Alsatian is undooly sensitive."

"Okay," Captain Silvers said testily. "Okay, so Ah made a mistake. Pooch don't hold a grudge, do you, feller?" Pooch lay down and assumed an expression of utter indifference; but when, a moment later, he was hauled to his feet and immediately ordered to lie down, he decided that this was really too much. Some dogs, it is true, are said to be almost human, but Pooch wasn't *that* stupid. He just closed his eyes.

"G'wan, Silvy," Lieutenant McFingle urged, "read his mind like the book says." Lieutenant Five-by-Five Mitzel looked indignant. "Duh Captain don't indulge in doity reading," he said. He patted Pooch consolingly. "I know how ya feel, pal, being ordered around by a superior arficer, but you may's well sit because—Gee!" he said excitedly. "See that, you guys? He sat for me! C'mon, Pooch, stand up." Pooch stood up and grinned wickedly at the Captain, who saw his authority fast vanishing. "Nothing to it," Five-by-Five said airily. "Just a matter of poizanalty. Sit, Pooch. *That's* a dawg! See what I mean, Captain?"

Captain Silvers coughed abruptly. "Ah see what you've *done*, Lieutenant," he said icily. He turned to the dog again. "Stand up, will ya? Up! Aw, for Pete's sake, stand up, you dumb dawg!" Pooch sneezed and trotted off to attack an airborne paper-bag. The Captain hurried after him, his eyes glinting like bowie-knives. Pooch began to run.

It would be interesting to know how many ergs the Captain expended during the next five minutes, but Five-by-Five estimated that a normal man could not have stood the pace for more than sixty seconds. But, as Lieutenant McFingle pointed out, one had only to listen to the Captain's vocabulary to realize that there could be no possible question of normality.

Eventually, when the Captain was so weak that he was repeating himself, and all the rose bushes were lying exhausted on the ground, Pooch decided to conclude his performance. He scored a goal with the bag between two rhododendrons, blazed an erratic trail through a bed of wallflowers, and bounded into the mess. A few seconds later there was a sharp, masculine, cry of anguish.

Captain Silvers summoned his last pennyweight of strength and dragged himself inside. Group Captain Ozfield was lying in a semi-recumbent posture on the floor of the bar, broken glass strewn around him, a pint of mild-and-bitter over his uniform, and a breathless Pooch licking his thunderclouded face.

Captain Silvers didn't help matters by explaining that he was just teaching Pooch to behave, but the Group Captain took the whole affair very well, really; ten days later he even said "Good morning" to the Captain.

Pooch's training continued, nevertheless. Five-by-Five had no difficulty in getting him to do almost anything of course, but even the Captain made progress, and if you were to see him now you would be amazed to hear the crisp precision of his commands, and even more amazed to see how many things Pooch can do. . . .

Captain Silvers has practised so much that one has to watch and listen very carefully to realize that every command is given a split second after Pooch has obeyed it.

o o

Pardon My French.

"The British administration now returning to Burma has the unenviable task of grappling with a political situation not of its own making. It has been presented with faint accomplishment."

Indian paper.

o o

"SHARKS STOP BATHING"

Heading in daily paper.

Water too cold?

The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

XXIII—America

ALL through history we read of good women who suddenly realize the hollow mockery of the world and yearn only to escape to some sequestered spot, away from it all. Some have entered convents; others have found solace in the simple countryside. Mipsie sought sanctuary in New York.

She was too sick at heart even to face the winding up of Maison Mélisande, so I undertook the business for her, though the whole thing was very strange to me. There were some items in the schedule of assets which I had *no idea* were needed in a dress-maker's establishment. However, it was all done at last, and Addle took me to Brighton for a week's change, which was very refreshing. Indeed, Mipsie's departure, which must have depressed him as much as it did all of us—for it is like the sun ceasing to shine when my radiant sister goes away—brought out all my husband's bravery and cheerfulness under adversity. The evening she sailed he seemed positively cheerful, and insisted on taking me to dine in a restaurant, then to a musical comedy and finally to supper at the Savoy—an evening packed with new experiences which I must admit I thoroughly enjoyed, though I felt decidedly fast, having supper with a man!

I was soon heartened by hearing from Mipsie that she was very happy and had already plunged into hard work—as always with her, the sweet and womanly work of helping others—she was lending her face to encourage humanity by means of advertisement campaigns.

Her approach to the subject was, as usual, practical and businesslike in the extreme. She charged according to rank. So much to be photographed as a baronet's wife and earl's daughter—Lady Millicent Standing. A higher rate for her picture as the Duchess of Briskett, and more still as Princess Fedor Ubetzkoi—for to her sorrow she found that the American public, though delightful, were sufficiently uncultured to place a foreign royalty above an English duchess.

Needless to say that country of big business was not slow to take advantage of such opportunities, and during the following year—1924—Mipsie was in constant demand. Gallantly she threw aside all personal feelings, and

with splendid impartiality she appeared both for flesh-reducing pills and fattening tonics, and lent her support to every political party that was prepared to assess it at its real value. She featured in brilliant social functions wearing Fifth Avenue's finest diamonds, and at evangelist mass meetings, where she was once paid as much as \$1,000 for one hallelujah. There were minor misfortunes of course, such as the time when she caught a bad chill advertising waterproof underwear at Niagara Falls (though she received substantial compensation when she threatened, in the interests of the public, to disclose the fallibility of the goods, as well as her fee for advertising them, so all ended well). There was also an amusing episode when she was engaged to speak to the Volstead Society in praise of Prohibition, and to an assembly of proprietors advertising fifty ways of serving up whisky in disguise, during the same evening. *She mixed the talks up* and showed the Prohibitionists how spirits can be sent up in invalid cups, or sucked through a straw from an ice-cream-soda glass with a false bottom, and so forth. But this proved one of her most successful demonstrations, as all the Prohibitionists crowded round her and placed a record number of orders for her exhibits.

Eventually her work grew to such an extent that she was forced to combine several advertisements in one in order to conserve her strength. For example, she might be photographed in a bathing suit, contemplating a waffle with a dazzling smile. Thus, in one picture, she would be sponsoring the bathing gown in, say, a New York paper, a brand of maple syrup for a Chicago firm and forwarding a dentifrice campaign in California. It was a brilliantly daring idea, for of course each firm believed that they had exclusive rights of the picture. But faith can move mountains, we have all been brought up to believe, and as Mipsie said—if mountains, why not managing directors? Her theory was soon put to the test.

One day, early in 1925, she received a wire from the chairman of Block's Skin Bleaching Cream: "Have just seen our picture of you employed by Kuddly Krisps Cereals. Please report to our New York office immediately." Next morning, dressed in pearly-grey

which accentuated the whiteness of her face, with two tears shining like drops of glycerine on her cheeks, she entered the office of—her future husband!

"Mr. Block," she said, "no American citizen can possibly understand the agony of body and soul a British aristocrat suffers in work of this kind. If I am to preserve my health for the Stars and Stripes, you must"—but she got no further. In two steps Mr. Block was by her side, holding her hands in a warm grip.

"Lady," he said (or it may have been "baby"—Mipsie was never quite sure), "I have been in the advertising world for twenty years—I am the author of seventeen books on the subject, including *Dandy Ads*, *Sex in Salesmanship* and *Psycho-Suckers*, and listen, Baby" (or possibly "lady"), "I hand it to you that you're the greatest little business-woman I have ever met. What will you take to come into partnership with me?"

Well, my dear readers know how it all ended. That evening Mr. Block arrived to take Mipsie out to dinner pushing before him a life-sized silver coffin entirely filled with orchids. (He was just like a schoolboy in his jokes.) "The old Julius Block is dead," he announced. "Since I saw you a new man has been born." Later, he confided to her his hopes and aspirations—to graduate from a millionaire to a multi-millionaire, to have his solid lapis swimming pool at his beloved little twenty-roomed cottage "Gnomeshome," fitted with a gold diving-board, and so on. As he told her in his simple way some of these boyish ideals, Mipsie suddenly realized that a miracle had happened.

She knew that she loved again.

M. D.

Mrs. W

NOW does Mrs. W ever think of anything *but* Mrs. W? You may be remarkably clever, But here is a problem to trouble you.

When she heard of it first she seemed really

Distressed by a smash in our street: She was silent ten minutes, or nearly, But then she began to repeat:

"Oh, dear, I could *cry* my eyes out When I think of that man on the lorry!"

And I saw Mrs. W thinking about Mrs. W being so sorry. F. C. C.

Officers' Clubs

CAPTAIN SYMPSON and I are perhaps among the most regular customers in the officers' clubs in the Middle East. Sympson has left behind some article of luggage in almost every residential officers' club from Aleppo in the north to Tewfik in the south. In the old days when he used one of the razors that have to be stropped every day he always left a strop hanging on the knob of the bed or the door-handle, but since he took to using the sort of safety razor that does not need a strop, as you throw away the blades every day if you can get new ones, he has had to think of other things to leave behind.

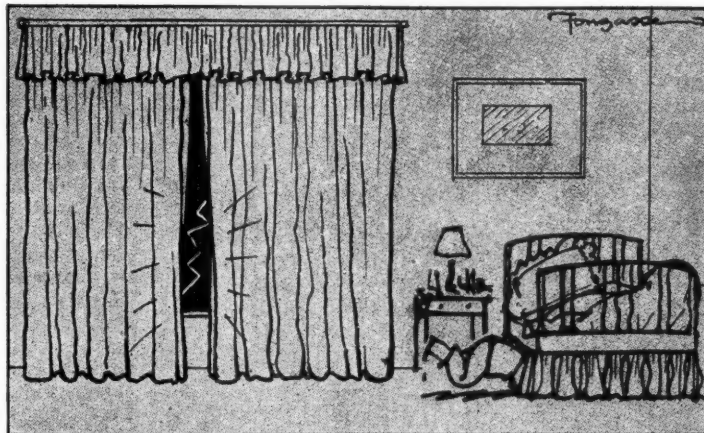
"I've just remembered," he always says when we are about a hundred miles away from where we spent the previous night, "that I forgot to pack my third pair of slacks." Or it may be an odd sock, or a model of the ruins of Baalbek, or a pyjama jacket, or even, on one memorable occasion, his flask of gin which he keeps for emergencies. Most people carry whisky or brandy, but Sympson found that if he carried whisky or brandy emergencies happened too frequently, and as neither of us likes gin we find it safer.

My own progress from club to club, I am ashamed to say, is marked by a succession of gains rather than losses. There is a tendency in officers' clubs for the beds to be rather close together, and as the beds are large and luxurious it may be said that in some clubs there is practically nothing in the room except beds and cupboards. People therefore throw all their garments on their bed (because other people have arrived earlier and filled up the cupboards) and then when they go to bed the garments fall off on to the next bed. Say, for example, that Captain A, Captain B and Captain C are sharing a room. At midnight Captain A turns over in bed and some of his garments are shot across to Captain B's bed. At 0100 hours Captain B turns over and some of his own garments and some of Captain A's garments shoot across to Captain C's bed. If Captain C then turns over towards Captain B his own garments plus some of the foreign garments shoot back to Captain B. If, on the other hand, Captain C turns violently in the other direction the garments go through the window and are seen no more.

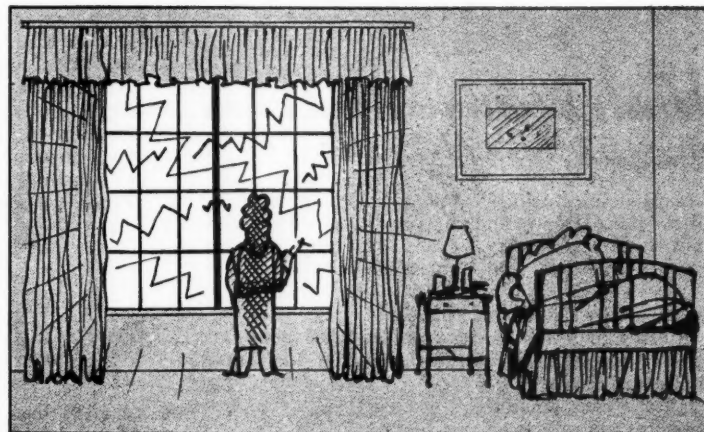
It will be understood that as Sympson and I always leave in a hurry it is possible to pack either less or more than one's own property. Sympson makes a steady loss and I

THE CHANGING ATTITUDE OF BRITAIN

REACTION TO THUNDERSTORMS



1939



1945

make a steady gain, though I cannot say that I am much enriched. At Aleppo I gained a very long green sock of peculiar shape. At Tyronia I gained a bathroom tap and a picture of General Eisenhower in a gilt frame, and at Jerusalem I gained a pamphlet entitled "Drink and the Devil," with the portrait of a man on the front, in an advanced state of intoxication, who looked remarkably like my Uncle Ernest.

Sympson and I have puzzled a good deal about the bathroom tap. How did it get into my bed? That it should

be loose is not surprising, because it is a feature of the officers' club at Tyronia for things to be loose. Door-handles come away when you turn them, taps will either not turn on or when turned on will not turn off, and bell-pushes disappear into the walls and never come out again.

We left the club at Gaza last night, and I remember Sympson remarking soon after we arrived there that the cat looked as though it might shortly have kittens. . . . Was it fancy or did I hear a mewling noise proceeding from the larger of my black suitcases?



"Could you demonstrate how I can get out of here?"

Address, Written on the Finest Bread-and-Butter

IT is my desire to sing
In accents of respect and affection the most profound.
I wish to celebrate,
In tones the emotional content of which will immediately
be evident to all,
The women who have saved this country.
Lots of other dames have done lots of other things,
And I shall be delighted to laud them all in due course,
If application be made
Through the usual channels,
But none did anything half so brave,
None did anything so deadly to alarm and despondency,
None did anything so vital to the war effort
As the Grannies of England,
When they took on little Willie
And little Asphodel,
And gave Mum and Dad a break.

Now children are all very splendid.
No heart beats more wildly than mine at the clip-clop
of little feet,
While patting a curly head
Is undeniably the best dross-remover known to the
human spirit.
Curly heads pay a cumulative soul-dividend and always
have.
But like all powerful stimulants
Children are much more enjoyable,
And far more beneficial,
And infinitely less harmful
Taken in small doses.

Small doses?

Garçon, vous l'avez dit.

Mum spends the morning in the kitchen.

She does the house in the afternoon.

After tea she does the washing,

And after supper she digs in the garden.

In between she keeps little Willie and little Asphodel
From cutting each other's throats,

And all the time they ask her terrible questions.

When Dad got leave

He and Mum had a good deal to talk about,

And they had to have a few days peace

To stay sane.

But there weren't any municipal frigidariums,

Such as it is my intention to found a chain of,

Where the little ones could be put on ice by the week,

Nor was there a Cohort of National Nannies on tap,

As there certainly should have been.

There was absolutely nothing

But Grannie.

Grannie in her nice clean house,

White paint and shiny floors,

Deserving of peace,

But open-armed.

Lucky little Willie,

Lucky little Asphodel,

Lucky Mum and Dad.

And how!

O thin, long, stringy Grannies in velvet arm-chairs,

Lipsticked Grannies in sports cars,

Bustling Grannies,

Amplly terraced Grannies comfortably sprung,

Pince-nez'd Grannies with whalebone in your collars,

Big, pneumatic Grannies in urban flats,

Small, rural Grannies,

Kind Grannies,

Thank you!

ERIC.

Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

XVII

AMOS once startled us by observing: "As Holmes might have said to Watson, 'My dear boy, I am old enough to be your father. If, like me, you had taken the trouble to obtain your M.D. degree, you might now be less inclined to indulge in such unprofitable fancies and express them in such flowery language.'"

We looked at each other in doubt. It was not until Amos went on, "To which of course Watson might have replied, 'Well, at least I avoided your extraordinary pre-occupation with breakfast, and what's more I shall only just miss being Poet Laureate,'" that we realized he was referring to Oliver Wendell Holmes and William Watson.

* * * * *

"... as it might be," said Amos once, seeking in a hurry for a typical title of a book about a mechanical subject, "—as it might be *Automobile Mainsprings, Care and Maintenance*."

Somebody said "Automobile *what*?"

"Mainsprings."

"Are you under the impression that cars go by clock-work?"



"And what price this one—a blooming beer label!"

Amos coughed and looked a little uneasy. "Er—well, you know," he said, "mechanics are a mystery to me—I just use the word 'mainspring' as symbolic—"

"Ha!" said the other man. Amos gave him a dirty look and bided his time till about half an hour later, when this man was explaining his choice of names to be put in an advertisement (he was a publisher).

"No," said the man soothingly to Amos, "I decided, in the end, against including your name in that particular list. But I bore you in mind, old boy, I bore you in mind."

Amos said, "You bore me in *everything*."

"Coincidences," said Amos. "Coincidences. It's interesting that you should have mentioned coincidences." (Nobody had.) "It was only this morning that I struck one of the most remarkable coincidences in my experience."

He looked round at us, narrowly—chiefly, we decided later, to make sure that nobody was present who could challenge his statements. Then he embarked on his narrative: "Well, I was in here about lunch-time with Page—you know Page? He went along the bar a bit to peer at the sandwiches, and at that moment I saw a very distinctive-looking character by the door. Just out of idle curiosity I thought I'd ask Page who it was, not expecting he'd know, mind you. So," Amos smirked, "I called out to him 'Hither, Page, and stand by me,' and when Page came back I went on 'If thou know'st it, telling—' and I asked him who the character was. Not expecting him to know, mind you."

"You said that," his neighbour murmured suspiciously.

Amos took no notice and went on, "Now you may find this hard to believe, but Page knew this man and introduced him to me, and his name—I could hardly believe my ears, after what I'd just said—was G. W. Fewell, Gavrin Wynter Fewell."

He sat back. His suspicious neighbour adumbrated the general incredulity by saying "There's no such name as Gavrin."

"My dear fellow," said Amos loftily, "the sketchiest acquaintance with the war-time christening of infants should have convinced you that there's no such thing as no such name."

"No," Amos said, "a long time ago I stopped sending up questions to the Brains Trust. The work was too hard." After a pause of consideration he went on "It will not have escaped your notice that when the Question-Master reads out a question he then proceeds to repeat it in his own simpler words, for the benefit of the less bright members of the com— of the listening audience. Well, knowing me, you will realize that I wished to cause somebody annoyance, and after reflection I had concluded that the best way to do this was to phrase my question in all possible ways in the same sentence, so as to make it difficult for the Question-Master, when he read it out, to think of still another. As none of my questions was ever answered I can only suppose I succeeded; but the work was too hard, and I gave it up."

Amos said he was always astonished when he reflected on the essential whimsicality of the title *Who's Who*. "A solid, heavy, standard work of reference," he insisted, "with a playful title like that! It must be unique. Is the encyclopædia called *What's What*? Is the *Dictionary of Dates* called *Which Was When*? Is the dictionary called *What It Means*, or the directory *Who's Where*?"

He looked at us with a challenging expression till somebody sulkily said "No."

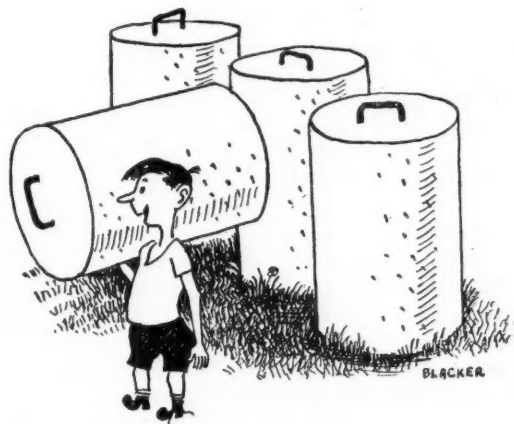
Then he raised his glass and said "Here's how."

When a member of the company mentioned a Mr. Thicknesse, Amos said "Is he one of the Thicknesses of Tishu Payper?"

R. M.

Music Hath Charms, We Always Say.

"Mr. Dolmetsch quotes a fascinating account by his father of the idea behind the Haslemere Workshops, and gives the interesting information that a Llama from Tibet made the long journey for the express purpose of attending the Haslemere Festival in 1937."—*Weekly paper*.



"Alfie, put that thing down before a policeman sees yer."



"If you go on like this I shall have to restrict your cash issues."

Sweetness and Light

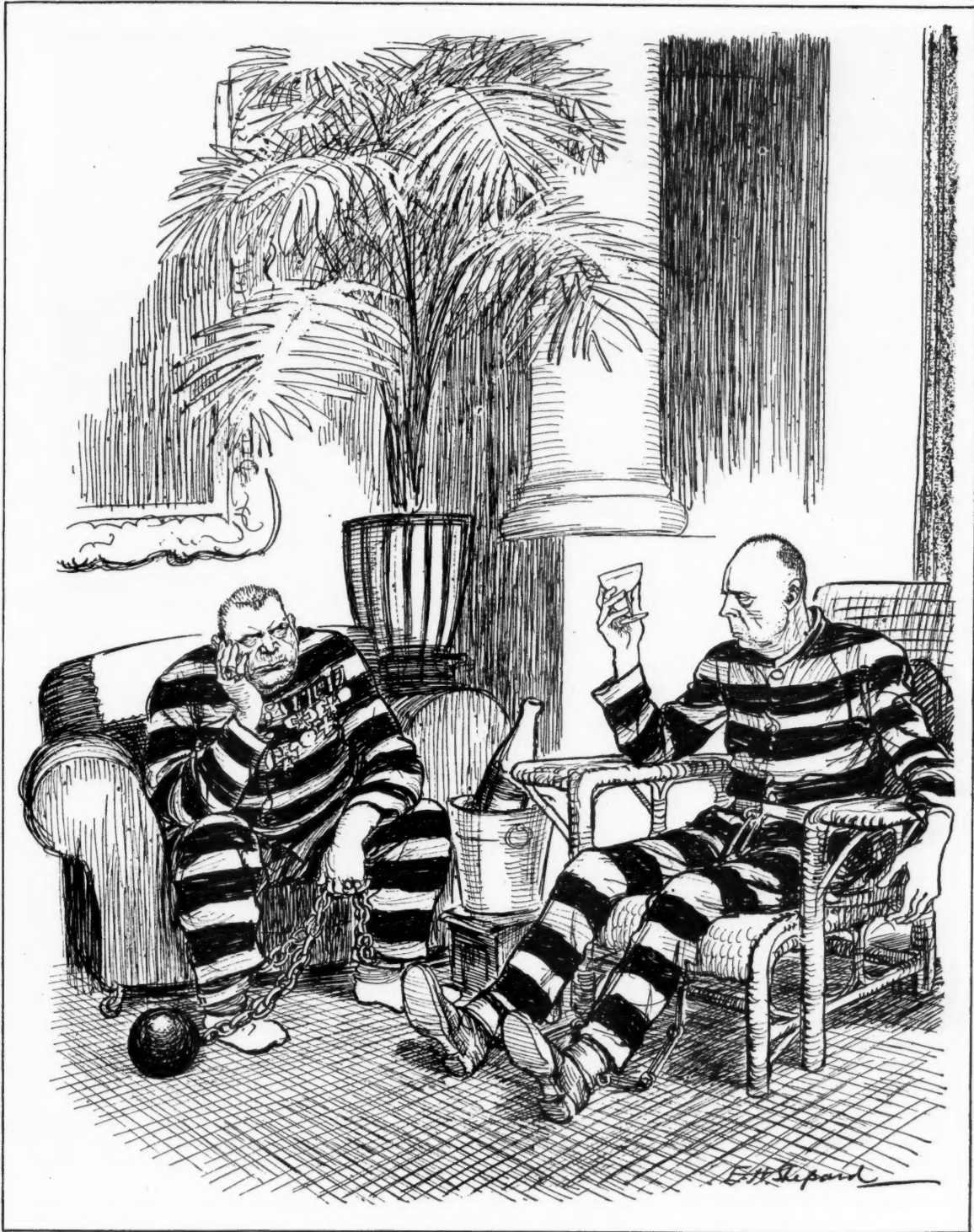
THE mood is on me; pass me those reports.
Now twice three fortnights in its grim career
Has this voluminous term of ours unrolled;
The dancing nerves clang cymbals round my skull,
My liver growls; now could I write in blood.
Then up, my quill! no mute nor doubtful fame
Was ours aforetime; nor long ages back
Twelve lusty prefects in one crimson morn
The lethal point of our envenomed phrase
Hurl'd sheer to Hades, with what eyes they might
Soon to confront their far from ghostly sires,
A royal carnage; but my vaulting zeal
Hopes now a larger excellence, a skill
Enriched, an art more deeply perfect yet:
This time we shall not mix the papers up.

What name is here? The minor Simpson? Nay:
A Very Fair, a Satisfactory,
A Making Steady Progress at the worst;
I seek a juicier victim. Hall of Green's:
Ah, later, when the middling holidays
Have eased my wounds, then might my honeyed lyre
Sing Hall's advancing virtues, and expound

How well he learns (and I, by inference, teach)
But not just now. Who next? Ha, Prendergast?
That toad, that newt, that doer of no work,
That silent scorner of a master's wit,
That crude and mindless heap—that Prendergast?
Tear up the other papers, this is he
My fires are stoked for. Now no weakening thought
Of tearful mother nor paternal rage
And fulminated missives to the Head
Shall daunt my purpose, nor the pictured grief
Of that grown sister (though her voice was soft,
Though soft her voice, and sweet to me her words)—
Not even that shall bend my duteous will.
In madder rout, ye nerves, your cymbals clang,
Growl on, good liver; no man ever wrote
As I shall write in this tremendous hour.

And yet, who knows? The butterfly, they say,
Misfits the wheel, and the great bludgeon's stroke
Numbs more than pains the sense whereon it falls.
A charm more potent haply may invest
The hinted menace, and the chill reproach
Of what was left unsaid . . . *"A fair term's work."*

M. H. L.



AT THE CRIME CLUB

"I wonder if they'll give us time to write our memoirs?"



"It SAID there would be rain with an occasional bright interval."

Little Talks

WELL, what's your bet?
We've made great gains.
No doubt. But have you won?
You said, "What's your bet?" I'm
not betting on that. Though I think the
Forces may turn the scale.

But surely—a free Election—an
educated people—a righteous cause:
you should be bursting with confidence?
A free Election? A filthy Election!
Trickery—misrepresentation—

Oh, come, don't tell me the Stupid
Party have outwitted you again.

It's always the same—"Red Letter",
"Laski", or some other nonsense. Always
at the last moment—

At what?

The last moment.

Steady on. I'm aware, of course,
of how often the Stupid Party have
produced at the last moment some
Machiavellian scheme that was much
too much for your intellectual leaders.
But surely this time they didn't do
that. We had Laski for a fortnight.
Why, you said yourself that the people
got sick of that particular argument—
had too much of it.

Of course they did!

I agree. I noticed myself that the
vocal part of the audiences tended to
get sick of any argument with which
they didn't happen to agree, and with
any argument that did not assure them
that they themselves would be more
comfortable and better fed—

That's politics.

It used not to be. One used to be
able to discuss constitutional questions.
They were even considered interesting.
The point is, if they had time to get
sick of Laski, he can't have been a
last-minute bombshell.

As a matter of fact, I dare say he did
us more good than harm.

Then what are you complaining
about?

What about all that stuff about the
Gestapo? About Clem Attlee, for example?

Quite a serious argument. Kereusky
to-day—Lenin to-morrow. The gentle
Attlee to-day—Laski, the wild men,
and the Ogpu to-morrow. That, I
think, was the line of thought. Well

worth discussing, I should have said, at a General Election.

Rubbish!

All right. If it was rubbish, it probably did you more good than harm.

Very likely.

Then, again, what are you complaining about?

The rush. The register. Look at the thousands of people disfranchized!

But, surely, old boy, that applies to all parties? It's a pity, but—

Oh, no.

What do you mean? Do you suggest that Providence, or the Returning Officers, deliberately contrived to exclude only your supporters from the register?

Far more of our people were evacuated.

Oh, but surely, it was the wicked rich who went away to the country. Your people, I thought, stayed in London and took it?

That's true, of course. But the children—

The children don't have votes.

And the soldiers!

Which side are they on?

Don't you know?

I confess I don't. I'm not so clever.

Well, you soon will!

Shall I? You mean that the soldiers will be solid on your side?

I do!

Then what are you complaining about?

Those, I mean, that got their papers.

It always saddens me, after all the toil and turmoil of a General Election, to find that the beaten side really won, that the British people have done something quite different from what they intended, and that nothing much has been settled.

I didn't say that. I won't bet: but I think this Election will settle a lot.

In spite of all the difficulties (mainly caused, by the way, by the Germans and the Japs) there has, I gather, been almost a record poll?

At home. I believe so.

And we don't yet know what proportion of the soldiers lost their votes, through their own fault or others'?

No.

Well, now, suppose that your people are returned with a good working majority, will you be satisfied?

"A good working majority"? I should say so.

You'll feel you have a mandate to go ahead with your programme?

Certainly. Why not?

The People will have spoken?

Yes.

But if the other side comes back

with a clear working majority, it won't mean a thing?

I never said that. You're twisting my words.

I'm sorry. I thought you were complaining of a rushed Election, the faulty register, the soldiers' vote, the misrepresentation—

So I was.

But, in spite of all that, in the case I mentioned, you'll accept the result?

I shall have to.

The People's Voice will have spoken?

Well, yes. "Spluttered" would be better.

That's grand. It will be fine to have had an Election that wasn't won by cheating. But, as a matter of fact, I don't agree with you.

What? I thought, for once—

I agree with your "spluttered". What about the split votes?

Of course, we shall lose a lot of seats on the split votes.

There you go again! It's always you who suffer.

I didn't mean that. But the Progressives will suffer more than the Tories.

I don't know about that. Every Tory I've met with a three-cornered contest says that the Liberal will take more votes from him than from Labour. Personally, I've no sympathy for either of you. Do you know why?

I couldn't care less.

Because you both go on voting against electoral reform.

Your rotten old P.R. I know. Vast constituencies with seven members. The personal touch. Rows of small parties. No stability. Just like the Continent.

Nothing like the Continent. Nothing like that. I don't want vast constituencies. What I want could be got without altering the constituencies at all. Do you know how many split votes there may be this time?

I don't think they matter a lot. You get a general picture—

Secretly, of course, you think you'll profit by them, like the other Party. But, you see, your Parties are not the only things that matter. There's the voter.

If he gets his vote.

He may get a vote and find it was useless. Do you know there are three hundred seats this time which may be won by a minority vote?

Three hundred?

Actually I made it three hundred and forty; but I may be wrong. Three hundred will do. Three hundred seats where there are two "Progs", say, and a Tory. The "Progs" get 10,000 votes each—20,000. The Tory gets 15,000—and the seat.

Bad show.

Or it may be the other way round.

Liberal and Tory letting one of your chaps in.

Good show.

Yes, but what about the wretched elector who realizes that his vote was futile? The chap who would have voted for Number 2—Labour, say—if he'd known that his man would be Number 3?

He should have had more sense and voted for Number 2.

That's a nice democratic thing to say! You sit there worrying and moaning because a few thousand votes may have gone astray. I tell you, millions of votes may be wasted, frustrated, this time: and you don't care a hoot.

Oh, come, it's not as bad as that. In lots of these places there'll be clear majorities.

Maybe. We can't tell. But if there are only fifty split votes it will be a bad show: because there'll be fifty bodies of dissatisfied electors—fifty bodies whose votes didn't count.

They don't count anyhow, if the other man gets in.

Yes, but at least they've aimed at a target. They have a chance. The chaps I'm thinking of were forced to aim between two targets.

I don't see what you can do about it without bringing in all this Continental stuff—large constituencies, and so on.

Quite unnecessary. All you've got to do is to give the voter a second choice. The Single Transferable Vote where there are two seats—the Alternative Vote for one. I'd like myself to have more two-membered seats, but it's not essential.

I suppose if there's a stalemate the Liberals may make that one of the prices of their alliance.

I hope they will.

Well, I hope you're wrong about it all. I hate to think of the old Voice spluttering.

In one area, at least, the Voice will speak with clarity, though not necessarily right.

Where's that?

The Universities, where they have the Single Transferable Vote.

A. P. H.

Impending Apologies

"—SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.—Fri., Mrs. Mantle; Week-end, Mrs. Woolley; Mon., Mrs. Thomas; Wed., Thurs., Good Speaker."—Announcement in *Lancs. paper*.

"The child became a man or woman according to the influence exercised in the home by the parents."—*Bucks. paper*.

What a responsibility!

corporal on sight. I can quite believe somebody did so."

"Why did he say he knew you, daddy?"

"I suppose he quite honestly thought he did."

"Then why didn't you know him?"

"My dear Peter, when you command an entire battalion lots of people know you by sight, and you may never see them at all."

"Darling, you always told me you knew all your men personally."

"I say I had probably forgotten this one's name."

"Yes, and he had forgotten yours. All most peculiar. The fact is you had never met. He was looking for somebody rather on the soft side, and you didn't like to tell him outright that he was a fake, so Peter and I had to stand in the background while you looked into one another's faces, with your heads on one side, mentioning all the people you might have known and didn't, and all the places you might have been in together and had not been."

"Who was the man who spoke to us at tea, mummy?"

"Ah, you may well ask, Peter. That is something I still have to find out for myself. We will ask mummy, together. . . . Who was the man, darling?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"He seemed to know who you were."

"Lots of people know me by sight. I can't pretend I know all of them."

"Did he not say . . . ?"

"Yes, he did, and no doubt he was somebody I had once served at the canteen, or sold a flag to, or perhaps I had visited a hospital and he had been there."

"What did he mean about cocktails, mummy?"

"Yes, what indeed? He seemed quite sure he had met you at a cocktail party . . . somewhere, whilst your husband was fighting overseas."

"You needn't be at all upset. I certainly did not know him."

"Peter and I did feel rather left out in the cold, darling, whilst you and he were running through a list of all the houses he might have met you at . . . charity balls . . . committee tea-fights . . . and you were ruling each of them out with what I can only describe as a very pretty air of apology."

"I suppose you would have liked me to ask him back to bridge?"

"If you had done I should not have sat down with him. I never play cards with strangers as well-dressed as that unless I have a gun on the table."

"Your corporal friend would have



"... and where have YOU been all this time?"

made up a four. He would have protected you."

"Who was the last man, mummy? The man daddy ran after?"

"Oh, you mean the one who didn't know daddy?"

"He was Lieut.-General Sir Bartley Humphnotte-Westchape, Peter, and he happened to command our Corps; and between you and me he knew me perfectly well, and he was just too stuck up to admit it."

"Why didn't you tell him you were hungry, daddy?"

"I think it would have been more to the point if mummy had told her boy friend *she* was, and then perhaps you and I might have got included in the party."

Reconciliation

I'M sorry you're so awful,
Sorry you made me swear,
And sorry you're so sensitive.
I've said I'm sorry. There!

At the Play

"THE CURE FOR LOVE" (WESTMINSTER)

THE Westminster Theatre, keeping to regional comedy, has gone now from Devon to Lancashire, fishing village to factory town, *Yellow Sands* to Salford smoke. In Salford Mr. WALTER GREENWOOD is roaming along his own pavements. His play, with its measured assurance and its gritty humours, offers the type of Lancashire comedy we expect, and the cast, led by Mr. ROBERT DONAT—himself a Lancastrian, and here a picture of doleful love—remains faithfully by the Irwell.

Little enough happens. We are shown how a sergeant of the Eighth Army, home on leave after three years, manages at length to dispose of the girl he had left behind him, his millstone of a fiancée, *Janie Jenkins*. He marries instead a billeted munition-worker from London, with the apt name of *Millie Southern*; and presently his widowed mother yields to the persistence of *Harry Lancaster*—another apposite name—landlord of The Flying Shuttle. There is barely matter for three acts; but Mr. GREENWOOD contrives to make capital of the approved Lancastrian qualities, pride, thrift, independence, plain speech, and so on; and he brings to us the sound of revelry by night when Salford gathers its beauty and its chivalry in the bar of The Flying Shuttle, and words as well as darts are hurtling.

The piece ambles along. Now and again any Lancashire comedy, however hearty its theme, must pause for reflection (like the young *Juliet* when she "left crying and said 'Ay'"). But Mr. GREENWOOD always gets going again along the paths of homely "character" humour. At least three of his people are happily recognizable: that well-set-up lad *Jack Hardacre*—slow and true and tender is the North—his mother, good-hearted nutmeg-grater, and the landlord in search of a landlady. Mr. DONAT, as the soldier from the wars returning, rising boxer, perplexed lover, harried son, is in

genial fooling throughout, though he is destined for far richer work than this. Nowt could be better of its kind than Miss MARJORIE RHODES's portrait, her refusal to over-act the loving hair-shirt of a mother who regards any form of sentimental display as just daft. Mr. CHARLES VICTOR, *Jack's* new stepfather—no more moaning at the bar in this house of Lancaster—fills every inch of the part in his own quiet way.

The rivals are strongly matched. Miss JOAN WHITE as *Janie*, who is, so

more substance. (The play could do with a Lancashire version of *Uncle Dick Varwell*, wise man of the West.) At its height *The Cure for Love* is champion; at its lowest, a damp evening in Salford. Still, it brings Mr. DONAT, actor and manager, back to the London stage. We must accept its better scenes gratefully and regard it as a serviceable preface to more exciting events.

J. C. T.

"A DOLL'S HOUSE" (ARTS)

Here, again, is that trying Christmas at the Helmers'; here are tarantella and taradiddles, *Krogstad's* letter and *Rank's* visiting-cards, and one of the theatre's historic moments: the slamming of the door as the doll-wife goes into freedom. At the Arts this loses something of its usual effect, mainly because the last scene between *Torvald* (Mr. CYRIL LUCKHAM) and *Nora* (Miss JENNY LAIRD) is permitted to lag. Earlier, the revival of IBSEN's famous call for women's emancipation, firmly and simply staged, does credit to its producer Mr. JOHN FERNALD, and to its cast. Miss LAIRD may lack variety, but her *Nora* is a touching, reasonable performance without the stiffening self-consciousness that sometimes afflicts a player in a classic part. Mr. LUCKHAM, unrelenting about *Torvald's* pomposity, is always consistent. So too in a sombre way is Mr. HAROLD SCOTT's *Dr. Rank*. Nevertheless Mr. SCOTT (who here never throws to earth his unprevailing woe) has been better suited in other years as *Krogstad*,

the blackmailer, a part now played with a sharp glint by Mr. EDGAR NORFOLK. There remains *Mrs. Linden*, the future *Mrs. Krogstad*, for whom Miss DOROTHY BLACK finds an uncommon glow. We wonder what will become of *Torvald's* squirrel-and-skylark in her new freedom; we are just as curious about a lesser problem, the state of the Krogstad home a few years hence. Often we have had to imagine a kind of family vault, but the latest arrivals seem unexpectedly human and their future may not be so bleak after all. Fortunately IBSEN never settled down to consider a sequel.

J. C. T.



HEAT-WAVE IN LANCASHIRE

<i>Harry Lancaster</i>	MR. CHARLES VICTOR
<i>Janie Jenkins</i>	MISS JOAN WHITE
<i>Millie Southern</i>	MISS RENEE ASHERSON
<i>Jack Hardacre</i>	MR. ROBERT DONAT

to speak, knocked out of the ring, deals loyally with her shrill young siren, hardly one of the pale, unripened beauties of the North; and Miss RENEE ASHERSON, the winner, is pertly and agreeably determined as the Southerner who blinds Salford with the charms of Tooting. This is Mr. GREENWOOD's gallant gesture to the deep South. Other players help, with varying degrees of success, to shape and colour the background; but the evening's truest pleasure is to watch Mr. DONAT chewing the meditative cud and Mr. VICTOR aglow with anticipation as he views his shillingsworth of hot-pot.

Mr. GREENWOOD's hot-pot needs

Summer in the Office

DORIS and I have decided this is just about the most wearing bit of the war with everywhere full up with returnees and devacuees, and all the people coming up to look at the damage and tell you it's nothing to what they had, and Doris thinks it would be a good idea if they gave those of us who've been here all along first priority for soap-flakes and lunch. Still, there isn't a thing you can't get used to if it goes on long enough—look how we miss the sirens—and I expect it won't take us anything like another six years to get quite used to being at peace. Besides, look how lovely it was to keep waking up that night of the storm and know it wasn't the thunder of the guns but only the guns of the thunder and there'd be no All Clear to wake you up again long before morning.

Yet Doris didn't enjoy her few days with her aunt in the country who keeps hens half as much as she used to, she says, because before you'd never think there was a war on and now you'd never think there was a peace on with nothing to keep reminding you it's all over like SHELTER HERE FROM NINE TO SIX and Contaminated Policemen IN, and never any net to take off the buses, but I tell her you can't have it both ways and she wouldn't have liked

SPECIAL TO-DAY No Potatoes

which was what we were having, and one day Doris's girl-friend who's in the Civil Service lost her place in the bus queue to go and look at a window full of tins with lovely coloured labels and a notice she could read right across the road that said "No Points Required," and then all they were was Choice Turnips. But Doris only said it served her right: no queue would have told anybody but her.

Anyway the election made a nice change and we all got quite politically minded after it all began with Mr. Head telling the Works Manager he hardly dare ask such an out and out Socialist for a conservative estimate for those new castings. But I've always felt there must be something about meetings because the people who don't go to them simply love telling the people who do that they can't think what they see in them, and the people who do go to them feel just as superior back and enjoy the meetings as well, so I promised Jim, my boy-friend in the Drawing Office, I'd go to a meeting with him on preserving the fruits of victory like Mr. Churchill said,

only I'd thought it was just W.V.S. till I saw the bill.

For once I got off in good time, though I will say it's a bit easier nowadays because in the old days the moment Mr. Head saw me with my hat on he always used to remember something that wouldn't take me a minute, and it never did, and I was lucky if I got away under another twenty. But nowadays I can just walk straight out on him and he never knows I've gone till I'm not there, so I don't care how long it is before they bring hats in again.

It was only a little local meeting at a pub to break me in gently, Jim said, but anyway when we got there we found them all out in the street because the beer had run out. So when we heard the pub wasn't going to open after all, Jim and I went dancing with the fire-watchers' balance that has just been shared out and is a nice little windfall with no P.A.Y.E. off it, and no wonder the tea ration's gone up when you think of all we don't drink now.

The election puzzled our refugee a good bit and we had a lot of explaining to do to him, beginning with an advert. for a left-wing organization that

wanted a right-hand man, and if the *Daily Worker* was run by the Reds how could it give you the blues if they were the Tories. But he's learnt quite a bit of English now since the days when he thought U-boats stood for utility and addressed a letter to Monsieur le Général Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.2.

Doris's girl-friend has been going on getting politically conscious ever since she went to a meeting on Equal Pay the night before she was blitzed the next day, and she's been telling us ever since it's all very well talking about women being ministering angels, but what the Civil Service needs is a few administering angels.

But the other night when she was out at a meeting the lady below's sister, who's up on a visit, didn't know Doris's girl-friend's cat Winston when he came up to her on the doorstep and she put him out, and Winston was so put out he went off again, being about as fond of staying put as his namesake, and didn't come back till two nights later without his fourth Narpac medal, which is beginning to come a bit expensive and we can't think what he does with them. Doris is sure he's a good Samaritan and gives them to displaced cats, but our refugee says if he knows Winston he's trading good British identity discs for black-market salmon, and that's why he turns up his nose at sprats, which is all Doris's girl-friend can find for him just now with no lights about, and she says the next cat she has she's going to take our office boy's advice and bring him up a vegetarian.

Willie knows all about vegetarians because his sister's going to marry the one who helps them eat up all the stuff on their allotment. I've nothing against vegetarians myself, and he's so generous he'd share his last yard of spaghetti with you, but seeing he's one of those vegetarians who go the whole hog and won't even eat eggs, I wish her joy of him when you think of all the peeling and washing and scraping and grating she has ahead of her, even when you've stopped having to carry it all home with you and most of it back again to the nearest pig bin.

Doris has already started making her some black art-silk cushions out of some stuff they had left over now we've got lights again. But I wanted to give her something a bit more unique myself, so I've started on a little collection of emergency rations for her because I shouldn't be surprised if some day, when she's too busy spring-cleaning to clean vegetables, she wouldn't be glad of a nice tin of Choice Turnips.

The Merchant Navy Men

THEY know no ease, the Merchant Navy men,
Not home, with the good day done,

But the high gale and the steep sea,

The searing of cold and of sun;
Voyage end, and voyage begun.

They may not rest; they wait in the dusk, the dawn,

The flash and the tearing of steel,
The ice-wrap of the cold wave,
The cinders of thirst in the throat
And madness that sits in the boat.

They know no help, they see these things alone;

No uniform, linking in pride,
Nor the hard hand and the straight brace

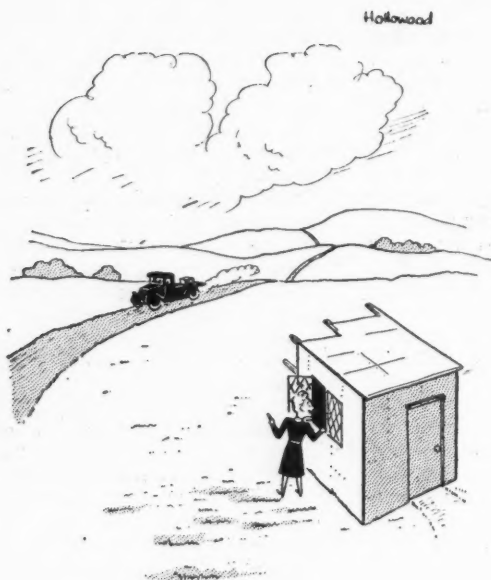
Of discipline holding upright,
But their own soul in the night.

They claim no gain, the Merchant Navy men;

A wage, and the lot of the sea,
The job done, and their fair name,
And peace at the end of their way.
They give; must we not repay?

Punch Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940



"Darling, guess what? The dining-room's come."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Rainer Maria Rilke

SINCE the last war Schiller, Heine and even Goethe have been displaced for English readers of German poetry by Hölderlin and Rilke, who though otherwise dissimilar enough were both driven back into the solitude of their own minds by their revulsion from the outside world. Rilke's letters, of which more than a thousand have been published since his death in 1926, were composed with great care in the artificial rather than affected style which reflected his complex nature. Had he been less sincere he could have written more simply, but there was so much that was tortuous and unharmonized in him that his patient determination to express what he thought and felt necessarily resulted in a good deal of obscurity, alternating with passages of great beauty and deep insight. In 1902, when Rilke was twenty-seven, a youth, who later became a popular novelist, sent some verses to him with a letter which appears to have been in the nature of a spiritual autobiography. The ten letters which Rilke wrote this youth have now been translated by Mr. REGINALD SNELL. *Letters To a Young Poet* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, 7/6) is a slender volume, but Rilke put so much into these letters, and Mr. SNELL's commentary is so thorough and so illuminating, that no one who wishes to increase his knowledge and understanding of Rilke should miss this book. In his first letter Rilke, unlike most writers, does not warn his youthful correspondent against a literary career, but counsels him to ask himself "Must I write?" and if he is really certain that the answer is in the affirmative then to build his life on this necessity. He says too that if his everyday life seems poor to him, he must tell himself that he is not poet enough to summon up its riches, since for the creator there is no poverty and no poor or unimportant place. Yet Rilke himself, as Mr. SNELL points

out, could never settle anywhere. These letters are written from Viareggio and Paris, from Rome and Worpsswede and Sweden, and are most profound and moving when they reveal the doubt and frustration and longing back towards the "wise non-understanding" of childhood which underlay all Rilke's attempts to reconcile himself to the nature of things in a spirit of cheerful acceptance. In these attempts he sometimes, like all Germans, even the greatest, oscillates between the obvious and the unintelligible; but whenever he leaves abstractions for the particular and the concrete, he sees things as they are, speaking, for example, of the inanimate and dismal museum feeling which Rome exhales, "the unspeakable over-estimation of all these defaced and dilapidated things, fostered by savants and philologists," and then, as a poet, tempering this denunciation with "but there is much beauty here, because there is much beauty everywhere." H. K.

"Heureux qui comme Ulysse . . ."

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC shows you round the French Renaissance as you might show family treasures to a friend—and there is this about the things of the spirit, that one can say "take all this home with you" and leave oneself none the poorer. A most welcome reprint, *Avril* (SHEED AND WARD, 6/-), hands out an English lion's-share of the best and most typical things of France through the medium of six essays on six poets. The first poet, Charles d'Orleans, our prisoner of the Hundred Years' War, renews the heyday of the Middle Ages though he lived in their decline. The last, Malherbe, ushers in that classic decorum which some of us—but not Mr. BELLOC—are thankful that the school of Victor Hugo disrupted. Malherbe was an exact contemporary of Shakespeare! (It is possible that the time-lag between European and insular cultural movements is one of the main obstacles to Franco-English understanding?) Between the polar figures, Villon's great and capricious genius and the less unaccountable Muses of Marot, Ronsard and Du Bellay are described, exemplified in a series of their most enchanting verses, and elucidated by vivid and scholarly notes. H. F. E.

Tata to All That

Although *A Steel Man in India* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is very disjointed and not written with much pretence at style, it has the strength of being a direct attempt by a practical man to tell us about only one phase of Indian life. Mr. JOHN L. KEENAN looks back with regret at leaving the great Tata plant at Jamshedpur where he worked for twenty-five years, ending as general manager. When the first Tata, having made his money in cotton-mills, turned to iron and steel, he chose Americans for management and for blast-furnaces, British for the rolling-mills, Welshmen for his coke-ovens and Germans for the open-hearth installations. He had worked things out as closely as that. Experience of American steel-towns, not too healthy at that period, made him insist on an enlightened policy of building and welfare. Tata's have reached their peak in this war, when their immense flow of munitions has served the Middle East invaluablely. Mr. KEENAN is an American. He loves India and the Indians, and in spite of his unreserved admiration for Gandhi and the Indian workman, admiration untempered by much admission of political irresponsibility, I should say his book is far fairer to British administration than his publisher would suggest on the blurb. He takes the line that the more insolent sort of blimpiness has greatly provoked the hashish-eating young terrorist, but he is also unstinting in

his praise of Curzon, Halifax and Willingdon. A jumpy, gossipy book, but rich in interesting odds and ends.

E. O. D. K.

Mirror of Experience

If our age might contribute one book to the sojourner on a desert island, *Poems of Our Time, 1900-1942* (DENT, 3/-) might hope to fill the bill. Here are four hundred poems, representing a hundred and thirty poets; and Messrs. RICHARD CHURCH and M. M. BOZMAN put them forward as "the voice of the English people" saying what is "unsayable in prose"—a sound aim. You start in mid-stream with Hardy and Kipling; but the banks recede after Rupert Brooke, the current slackens and the river becomes a delta whose ramifications have, as a rule, a diminishing interest for the public of Chaucer and Tennyson. Perhaps that public has died of education? Perhaps "The Man in the Bowler Hat," "the nation's backbone, who is boneless" (p. 301) is all that is left of it? But one suspects that more of the post-last-war poets—and still more of the singers of to-day—have found an audience, neither bowlered nor high-hatted, than the editors perceive. A writer in a recent Sunday paper remarked that the Scotch and Welsh nationalists produce politically-minded poets. They do; and when English nationalists produce politically-minded poets—poets as politically-minded as Milton—the voice of the English people will be heard again in anthologies.

H. P. E.

The Development of Germany

The Course of German History (HAMISH HAMILTON, 12/6) gives a very clear account of German national development from Luther to Hitler. Its author, Mr. A. J. P. TAYLOR, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, writes in a decided manner which may alienate some readers, but will help to convince others that this is indeed, to quote the jacket, "the first work on modern German history by an English writer . . . to make sense of German history and to trace the logical developments by which the Germans were left with only the alternatives of European domination or total disaster." Luther, for Mr. TAYLOR, embodies German sentiment asserting itself "against reason, against civilization, against the West." Whether Spanish imperialism, or the imperialism of Louis XIV and Napoleon, or even English imperialism, so far at least as Ireland was concerned, seemed to those who felt its impact particularly reasonable or civilized may be doubted. Nevertheless, Mr. TAYLOR sustains effectively enough his argument that the Germans have been pre-eminently ungovernable in their impulse towards power and abject in their submission to the leaders who embodied this impulse. Even in the Frankfurt revolution of 1848, Mr. TAYLOR points out, the German radicals expected liberal institutions to be bestowed from above. Hence their failure, and the triumph of Bismarck, which in its turn led to the triumph of Hitler, and the attempt to realize the Greater Germany which Bismarck himself did not want and foresaw to be an impracticable ideal.

H. K.

Facilis descensus Averno

There is so generous a peppering of Latin tags on the pages of Mr. D. L. MURRAY's romance of eighteenth-century Oxford, that one hardly feels called upon to apologize for associating it with just one more. *Folly Bridge* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 10/6) is the story of the Rake's Progress retold, with a trifle of the Idle Apprentice thrown in. Mr. MURRAY is perhaps not so much at home in Georgian as in Victorian England; but the blending of pedantry and piggishness, of coarseness and culture,

proper to the time and the place, and exemplified in the public hangings which open and all but end the tale, provides an effective background for a fast-moving story told with all its author's customary narrative gift. And if a few of the figures who fill his crowded stage—notably the Wicked Earls, two of them, no less, and the fantastic charlatan who carries on the Friar Bacon tradition in the Folly Bridge premises, now long-vanished, formerly occupied by that worthy—partake a thought too much of the character of period pieces, they are amply atoned for by such lively portraits as that of Tom Warton, Professor of Poetry, presiding genius of the Oxford Sausages, and one of the most crashingly dull laureates for whom Britain's Augustan age was noted.

C. F. S.

An Unknown Soldier

We Were There To Escape (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 8/6), Mr. GEORGE MIKES's record of the experiences of a Jugo-Slav captain, begins with an account of the concern of the captain over the signing of the Tripartite Pact. All this part (grim though it must have been) reads like a Russian comedy. The same casual attitude persists after the real grimness begins and the writer is imprisoned. "One evening I said to Dimitrievitch, 'I am bored stiff here. I have decided to leave X. I go even further: I have decided to leave this country.' (Germany.) 'Well, you know, travelling is rather difficult in war-time,' objected Dimitrievitch." Then the "difficulties" begin. Twenty-nine plans are abandoned and digging is tried. Digging is given up, the escapers dress as workers and walk out. They are caught and begin again, escaping to more imprisonment in Spain and finally to England and London, where the captain says to Dimitrievitch, "It must be wonderful to live here . . . I hope we shall be able to leave very soon." The last chapter is supplied by Mr. MIKES on the wrapper—"He left London soon after his arrival and returned to Jugo-Slavia and died fighting at the beginning of 1944."

B. E. B.



Brown Job Airborne

(An incident of April, 1945)

AT best, in an ordinary room with the normal amount of furniture and bodies in it, I am a clumsy man. If I had a dollar for every chocolate éclair, tray of cocktail glasses, occasional table, dog or small woman I have accidentally knocked over during my social career, my post-war planning problems would be largely solved. Place me therefore in a confined space, such as the inside of a Lancaster bomber, already loaded up with thousands of pounds' worth of equipment and seven members of the Royal Canadian Air Force, and even stationery I become a natural hazard. Moving from rear to front of the aircraft I become, in effect, a typhoon. I leave my mark.

That day I had had a particularly trying passage from the (wrongly called) Rest Position to the Nose. I had attempted a new way of getting over the main spar which had not turned out a success. Starting to go over head-first in accordance with my new theory, I had been obliged to revise my tactics half-way through and had ended up the other side with the small of my back on the floor, my head resting against the Navigator's leg and my legs still draped over the main spar. Once the laughter had subsided it took two strong men to get me on my feet again, and in looking for the money which had rolled out of my pockets, I rammed much of the wind out of the Wireless Operator's body with my head.

This did not endear me to the Wireless Operator, who was on his last trip and had already started it badly with a nasty blow on the side of his head from my right flying-boot earlier in the proceedings.

As I pushed past the Navigator and Bomb Aimer, both became hooked on to the front of my parachute harness; at the same time the seat of my own trousers became engaged and held by a switch marked (I believe) DO NOT TOUCH, or DANGER, or some such caution. It is fortunately a rare thing for two experienced aircrew to find themselves hopelessly snarled up with the wiring of their own aircraft through the medium of an Army officer within a few minutes of take-off, and I shall always regret that I was not on the intercomm. to hear the Canadian expressions which they selected to mark the occasion.

I managed to disengage myself from my reluctant companions with the

assistance of the Flight Engineer, though he afterwards told me he would have left me there had he foreseen that I would dive between his legs to the Nose, thus bringing him, after a short ride on my back, sharply into a sitting position on the floor.

"O.K., Major?" said the Skipper's voice as soon as I had reached my goal and plugged in.

"In a limited sense," I replied painfully, snapping back the bombsight switch which had been inadvertently thrown by my left trouser-pocket.

"Say again?" he asked.

"O.K., Skipper," I replied shortly. The intercomm. is not a suitable vehicle for complicated cross-talk. Besides, this is a Canadian phrase I have thoroughly mastered.

The Wireless Operator, the Navigator, the Bomb Aimer and the Flight Engineer made no comment. They were, to my knowledge, not O.K., but they sportingly said nothing.

I settled down and studied France, Belgium, and Germany through my binoculars. I also studied accompanying aircraft. I ate some chocolate and chewed some gum and had a good time.

When the Bomb Aimer came forward to bomb, I courteously stood up in the front turret astride his body. Had we not been obliged by the exigencies of warfare to take a little avoiding action, there would, I maintain, have been no question of my stepping on his head even momentarily. As it was he took it very well. Nevertheless, as we turned for home I had the feeling that several of my friends in the aircraft had scores to wipe off against me.

I was therefore startled but not surprised (if you know what I mean) to feel my body suddenly gripped from behind as with arms of steel shortly after I had settled down in my recumbent position in the Nose. I at once suspected the Flight Engineer. I could not see my assailant, as I was lying face downwards, and I said nothing as he could not have been on the intercomm. I simply lashed out smartly behind me with my left foot. No contact. The second kick found a fairly expensive piece of equipment but not a human body as expected. I peered cautiously round. I was alone, but I had grown immensely fat. I was shocked beyond words at the portliness of my own figure. It was in trying to remember whom I reminded myself of

that the explanation of my condition occurred to me.

In the course of my struggles throughout the flight the release catch of my Mae West must have become exposed. Some chance movement had then pulled it and the Mae West had duly inflated. Now the normal time to inflate a Mae West is when you are in the sea, and in those circumstances you would have taken the precaution to remove your harness before entering the water. I, of course, still had my harness on, and the inflating was going on in the restricted space between it and my body, stretching the one and compressing the other. Furthermore the outlet valve was wedged behind one of the straps.

I clicked my microphone switch. "Skipper," I said, "I've just inflated my Mae West."

"O.K., Major," he said automatically. Then he added in a strangled voice "For Pete's sake, why?"

"By accident," I replied; "and what's more I can't deflate it."

"Too bad," said another voice. It sounded like the Wireless Operator.

"Ye look queer," said a third voice, "ye look verra queer indeed." I became aware that the Flight Engineer was gazing down at me.

"I feel queer," I admitted, "and I can't deflate myself."

"Don't try," said the Skipper. "I'm going to put George in and come and have a look. Take over, Engineer. I like a laugh," he added.

Presently his face appeared peering down at me. Behind it I noticed the Bomb Aimer's face and the Navigator's face. All laughed heartily.

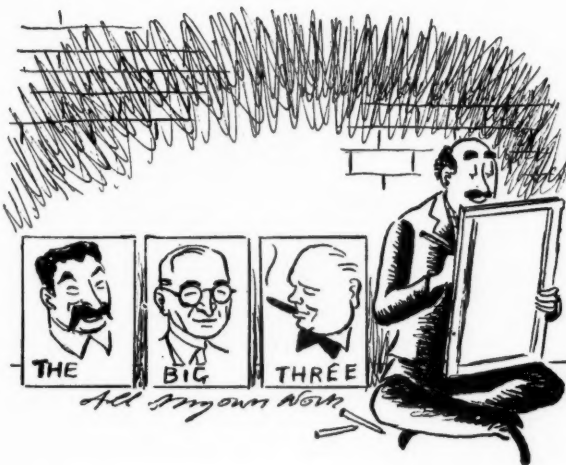
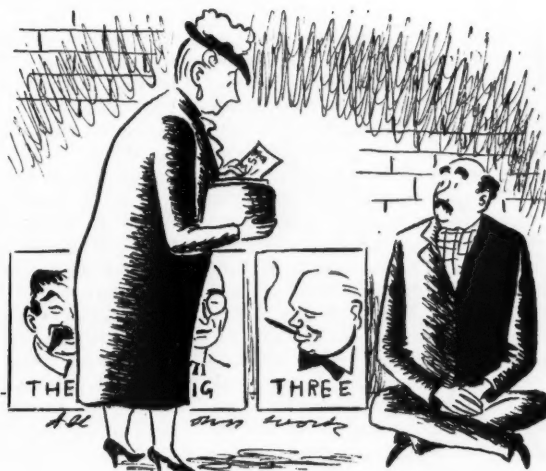
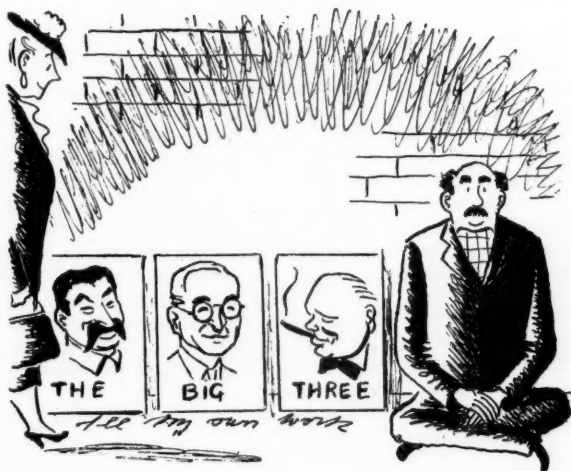
A subdued flow of Morse over the intercomm. explained the absence of the Wireless Operator from the party.

"When you boys have enjoyed your laugh," I said, "can any of you suggest how I can get at the valve?"

My audience melted away and the Flight Engineer reappeared.

"Verra, verra queer indeed, ye look, Major," he said gravely. "It does ma heart guid tae look at ye. Release yer harness, mon," he added abruptly and turned away to check his fuel tanks.

Whether you are on a Greek tanker in the Gulf of Mexico or in a Canadian bomber over Germany, the Engineer is always a Scot. And his advice is always sound. I took it, found the valve and collapsed on the floor with a loud and sustained hiss.



Anton

Economic Slang—a Glossary

THERE must be many people," writes a Mr. Shaeffer of Lowestoft, "who distrust economics less than they distrust the economists. The subject can be worth-while and rather interesting, but its expositors or mouthpieces must be considered suspect. They are men living apart from the main stream of life. Their ways are not our ways. They deal in units of labour and man-power without themselves having first-hand experience of either. We trust the doctor because he too is heir to all the torments of the flesh. We tend to distrust the economist because he dwells apart on the intellectual heights. When a doctor diagnoses liver trouble we feel that he is diagnosing from personal experience. But what personal experience has the economist of taxation, scarcity, employment and the thousand and one symbols of his stock-in-trade? Has he a knowledge of human values?"

"So much, sir, is, or should be, common knowledge, and if that were all I should not be writing at greater length. But I have been astonished recently to learn that in at least three instances this common knowledge is at variance with fact. Imagine my surprise on learning that no less an economist than Lord Keynes is chief of the new Arts Council (the old C.E.M.A.), that Professor D. E. Mostyn is a distinguished choreographer, and that Mr. Ballast is an academician!"

"What does this mean? It certainly throws an entirely different light on the matter, and I am wondering

whether you can carry the illumination a stage further. My question, briefly, is this: Is the economist more than a back-room boy? Is Lord Keynes the exception that proves the rule? Or is he merely an illustrious example of a happy though maligned breed?"

I am delighted to have an opportunity to answer Mr. Shaeffer's question. What nonsense is this picture of the economist in the popular imagination! In novelettes and films he is always depicted as a mind, single-tracked and uncultured. I well remember a series of cigarette-cards—"Famous Economists and Statisticians"—put out just before the war by the United Tobacco Company. Every card was a fake—a brutally conventionalized portrait of the humourless dry-as-dust pedant. The plain truth is that the public believes what it wants to believe about these rather noble animals. I know.

I can assure Mr. Shaeffer that Lord Keynes is no exception. The average economist has a mind as multi-tracked as Hamm junction. His vision is as broad as it is short. He is, as the modern educationist would put it, a very "full" man.

He is vitally interested in the arts. He probably plays, howsoever indifferently, some musical instrument. He reads between lines of all that is best in poetry and prose. He likes a good play.

Mr. Shaeffer's list could be extended indefinitely. Mr. Posson, famed for his work on public finance, is an enthusiastic collector. Mr. Brandon (certain ideas on the trade cycle) is

keenly interested in precious metals and ballroom dancing. Mr. Cokes (exchanges) is fond of lettering and passe-partout. I could go on . . . Thank you, Mr. Shaeffer.

And now, a brief instalment of the glossary.

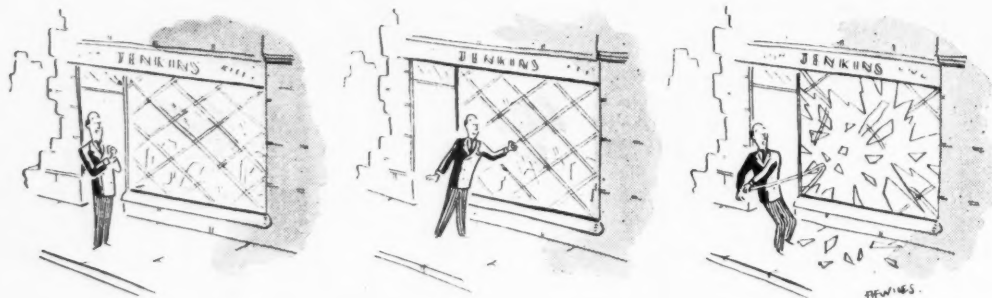
Enterprise. This may be either private or public but not, apparently, both. Some people think that private enterprise is too private and not enterprising enough; others, that public enterprise is all publicity and no prize. All in all it is a very difficult subject and cannot be treated prejudicially without taking sides.

Location factor. Industries are where they are for a variety of reasons. Everybody knows that the climate of Manchester is affected by the cotton industry and that the Potteries make pots because china clay is found in Cornwall. But few people know much about the location of the steel, wool, coal, asbestos, domestic hollow-ware and cosmetics industries. To test yourself sort out the following and fill in the blanks:

Pontefract . . . come from . . . ?
Brummagem goods are produced in . . . ?
. . . hails from . . . ?

(NOTE.—If the correct answers are arranged in the form of a square the diagonals spell the name of a popular American comedian.)

Banker's Lien. Usually to the right but often to port among other things. Faced with securities a banker may be said to assume a lien and hungry look.



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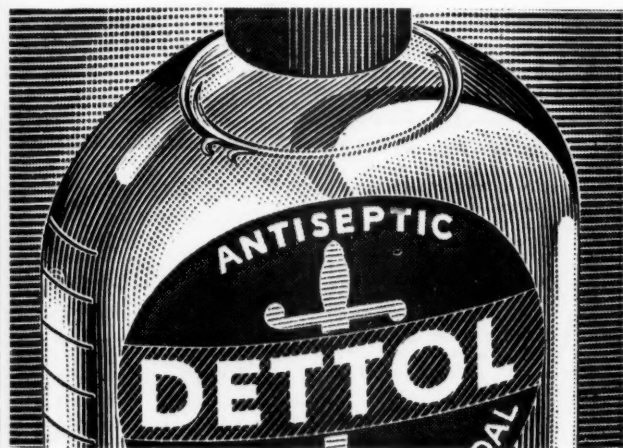


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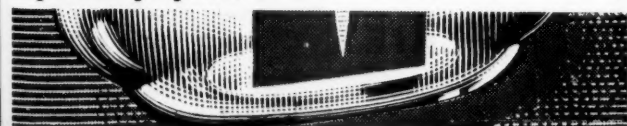
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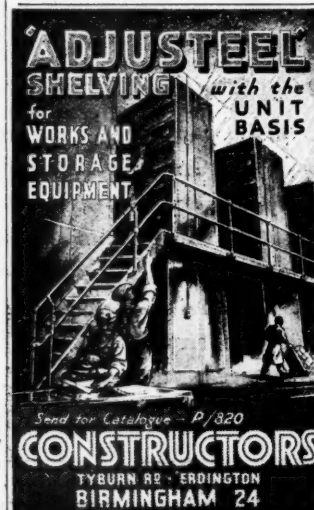


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